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No. 16
Police
TRAP
SEAL OF QUALITY
SUPER COMICS
WHERE DID YOU GUYS COME FROM? WE HAD THIS JOB TIMED JUST RIGHT! WHO TIPPED YOU OFF?!
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"THE CAPTURE!"
PLUS:
"The Menace In THE SUBWAY!"

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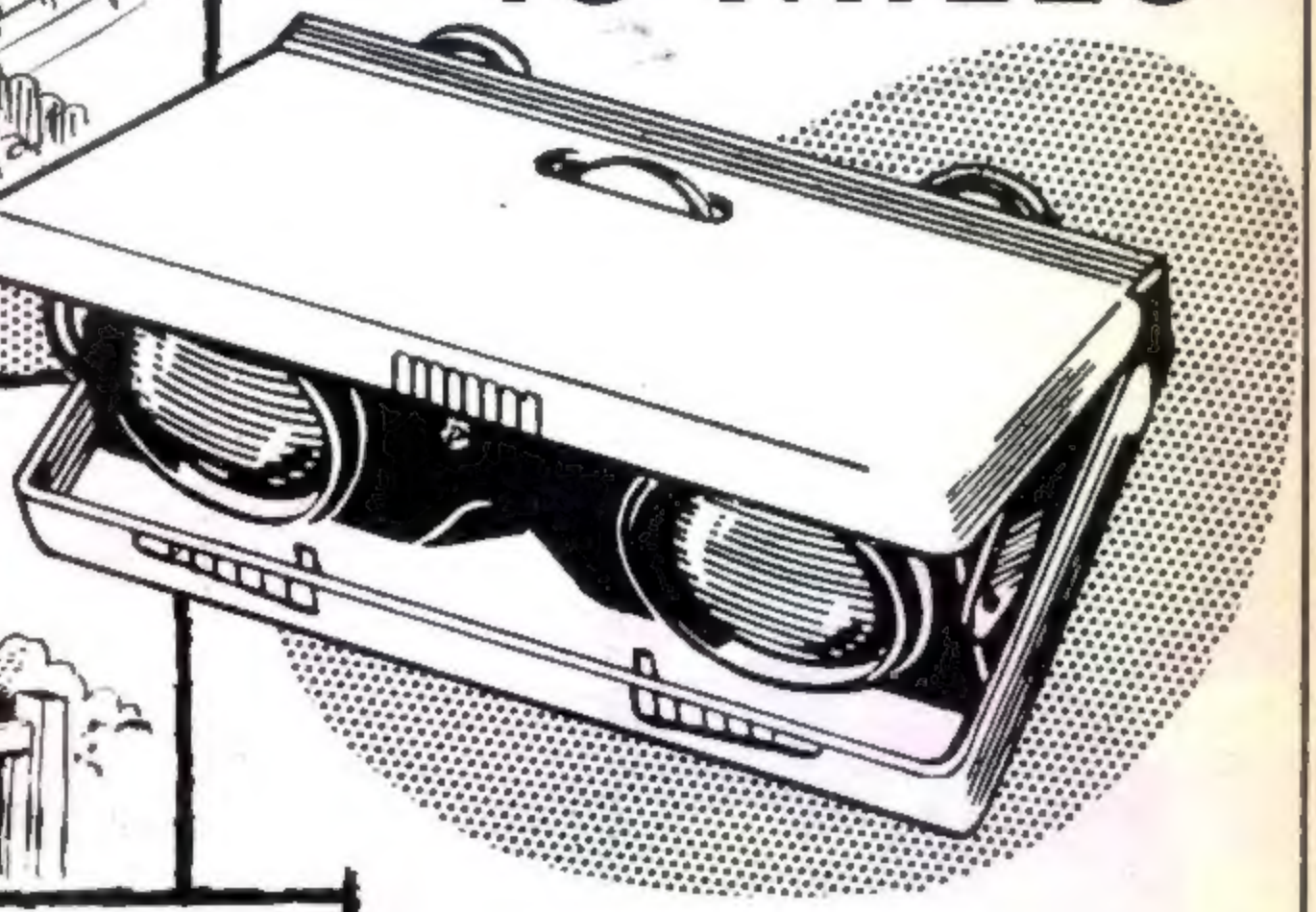

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Everything seems to be done by phone nowadays! But this, you never expected. So now you've got to keep a killer talking on the wire, in order to make ---

The CAPTURE!

I'VE BEEN ROBBED!
THIS CAR CAME DOWN THE STREET, WHEN---
HELP! MURDER!
I DEMAND POLICE PROTECTION--
OFFICER, YOU MUST--
LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER QUIET NIGHT FOR THE SARGE---

IT'S SEVEN P.M.! PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE GOING HOME..THE RELIEF DESK SERGEANT COMES ON AT EIGHT. IT'S BEEN A ROUTINE DAY. YOU'RE HALF ASLEEP AND THE OUTSIDE PHONE RINGS.
WHO? LOUIS FENNER? THE GUY WANTED FOR KILLING THAT COP? SAY— ARE YOU KIDDING--
THIS IS NO GAG, COP. I WANT TO TURN MYSELF IN. ONLY, I DON'T WANT TO DO IT COLD. THERE ARE CONDITIONS--
SO, THEN, EDEN PUTS OVER A FAST BALL. RIGHT ACROSS THE PLATE! NOW, THERE WAS A BALLPLAYER--
YOU GUYS! PIPE DOWN, I'VE GOT LOUIS FENNER ON THE PHONE!
SURE, AND I'M LITTLE BO-PEEP! CUT IT OUT, SARGE... EVERY COP IN THE COUNTRY IS LOOKING FOR THAT CREEP... HANG UP. THAT CAN'T BE HIM!
I HEARD THAT, MISTER! DON'T HANG UP. I AM FENNER!

THE BOYS GRIN AND GO BACK TO THEIR BASEBALL ARGUMENT! BUT YOU DON'T HANG UP! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THAT COOL, FLAT VOICE THAT ISN'T PHONY!

ALL RIGHT... SO YOU'RE FENNER! KEEP TALKING!

LISTEN GOOD! I WANT TO SURRENDER, SEE? BUT, I WANT A *FAIR SHAKE!*

YOU'LL GET ONE! AND IF THIS IS A GAG, YOU'LL GET NINETY DAYS! *WHERE ARE YOU?*

UH-UH! NOT SO FAST! I SHOT A COP, REMEMBER? WHEN I COME IN, I FIGURE TO COME UNDER MY OWN POWER! NO COP'S GETTING A CHANCE TO BLAST ME! I KNOW HOW YOU GUYS FEEL ABOUT COP KILLERS!

I'M MAKING ANOTHER CALL TO WALLY PORTER, THE NEWSPAPER COLUMNIST! FROM HERE ON IN YOU CAN DEAL WITH HIM! IF YOU STILL THINK THIS CALL IS A PHONY, GIVE ME FIVE MINUTES, THEN CALL HIM! SO LONG!

NO! *WAIT!* FENNER, DON'T...

HELLO! HELLO!

IF YOU'RE THROUGH TALKING TO THE "*KILLER-AT-LARGE*," HOW ABOUT TENDING TO *BUSINESS*, SARGE? THIS LADY'S GOT A COMPLAINT! SOME KIDS BUSTED HER WINDOW!

THESE THINGS JUST DON'T HAPPEN! THAT IS, UP TO *THIS* MOMENT, THEY HAVEN'T! YOU WANT TO BRING THIS KILLER IN... AND YOU SWEAT WHILE YOU DIAL WALLY PORTER'S NUMBER!

SERGEANT BROPHY? OH, YES, FROM THE STATION HOUSE! I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOUR CALL! I JUST TALKED TO FENNER! HE'S WILLING TO TURN HIMSELF IN... TO *ME!* BUT, HE WANTS A GUARANTEE...

NO GUARANTEES! YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT, PORTER!

THEN... NO FENNER... SARGE, LOOK HERE! HE WANTS TO SURRENDER, BUT, HE'S SCARED! ALL HE WANTS IS A GUARANTEE THAT HE *WON'T* GET HURT!

BUT, I *CAN'T* MAKE ANY DEALS, PORTER! ALL I CAN PROMISE IS DUE PROCESS OF LAW! THAT SHOULD BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR ANY MURDERER!

WHAT'S THE *HARM* IN PROMISING HIM HE WON'T GET HURT! LISTEN, BROPHY! *THIS IS A BIG STORY!* I'D HATE TO SEE IT GO DOWN THE DRAIN..

STORY SHMORY! WE WANT FENNER! *DO WE GET HIM OR DON'T WE?*

TELL YOU WHAT, BROPHY. THIS THING MAY BE TOO TICKLISH FOR YOU TO HANDLE! WHY NOT PASS IT ON TO A ***HIGHER UP!*** THEN THE MESS WILL BE OFF YOUR HANDS...

CAN I GET YOUR NAME ON THIS, SARGE? IT'S A REQUISITION! PAPER CUPS FOR THE WATER COOLER...

LATER! LATER!

LISTEN, PORTER! I WARN YOU... ***HELLO! HELLO!***

NOTHING! YOU'RE TIGHT AS A DRUM! AND THE LIEUTENANT'S NOT AROUND! YOU DON'T HAVE A CHOICE! YOU CALL THE ***COMMISSIONER!*** AND, AFTER YOU CONVINCE HIM THAT YOU'RE NOT DRUNK, HE GIVES YOU THE WORD!

NO, NO DEALS, SERGEANT! GET IN TOUCH WITH PORTER! ***TELL HIM..*** AND KEEP ME POSTED! I'LL BE RIGHT HERE! I'LL HANDLE EVERY-THING ELSE!

THERE'S MORE... YOU CAN PICTURE IT! YOU CAN SEE A THOUSAND COPS CONVERGING ON WALLY PORTER'S APARTMENT BUILDING! THIS IS BIG! AND, YOU'RE RIGHT IN THE ***MIDDLE*** OF IT!

THAT'S IT! THE COMMISSIONER SAYS NO DEALS, PORTER! IF FENNER IS THERE, TELL HIM NOT TO BE A FOOL! HE HASN'T GOT A CHANCE!

FENNER IS ***ARMED,*** BROPHY! I'LL DO MY BEST TO TALK SENSE TO HIM!

LET ***ME*** TALK TO HIM, PORTER! I'M GOING TO LAY IT ON THE LINE TO THAT TURKEY! PUT HIM ON!

I'LL TRY TO GET HIM ON THE WIRE, SARGE! HE ***DOESN'T*** LOOK LIKE HE WANTS TO CHAT!

CALLAHAN! GET THAT CABBY OUT OF HERE... OR SHUT HIM UP!

BUT... HE SAYS HE GOT ***HOOKED FOR A FARE,*** SERGEANT! SEEMS LIKE HIS PASSENGER RAN OUT ON HIM...

LET HIM BELLY-ACHE ***OUTSIDE*** UNTIL I'M READY FOR HIM!

HELLO! THIS IS FENNER! YOU GOT SOMETHING YOU WANT TO TELL ME, COP? MAKE IT ***FAST!*** I'M NOT WAITING AROUND MUCH LONGER!

THAT'S THE ROAD TO THE MORGUE, FENNER! I'M TELLING YOU... WHILE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE! TAKE A CHANCE ON TURNING YOURSELF IN! YOU GOT A CHANCE, WITH A FAIR COURT TRIAL!

AHHH... STOW IT...

YOU TALK! YOU PAINT HIM A PICTURE OF A THOUSAND COPS, ALL WITH JUST ONE TARGET! ***HIM!*** YOU'VE NEVER SHOT A MAN, BUT YOU TELL HIM HOW IT WILL FEEL! HOW IT WILL HURT! AND... IT ***WORKS!***

OKAY... OKAY! SHUT UP! I'VE HEARD ENOUGH! YOU CAN TELL YOUR BOSS I'LL BE WAITING! ***THERE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE!*** I... I'M TIRED, ANYWAY...

SOMEHOW, YOU DO IT! IT'S OVER... YOU CALL THE COMMISSIONER... AND THEN, YOU JUST GO LIMP...

HEY, BROPHY, COME ON! IT'S EIGHT O'CLOCK! I'LL TAKE OVER! OR DON'T YOU WANT TO GO HOME?

I- WANT- TO- GO- HOME!

YEAH, YOU SURE DO! YOU WANT TO TELL SOMEONE... TO GET THE TIGHTNESS OUT OF YOUR INSIDES! ONLY, WHEN YOU GET HOME, YOUR WIFE AND KID ARE SORT OF BUSY...

MARGE! WAIT TILL I TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED TO ME TODAY! YOU'LL ***NEVER BELIEVE IT!***

SHH... NOT NOW, FRED! I ***DON'T*** WANT TO MISS THIS!

I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO DRAMATIC IN MY LIFE! THAT'S ***LOUIS FENNER!*** THEY JUST ***CAUGHT*** HIM! LOOK, THERE'S THE POLICE COMMISSIONER!

HE WAS ***RIGHT THERE*** WHEN THEY ARRESTED FENNER! HIM AND THAT WALLY PORTER WHO WRITES FOR THE "STAR"... THE ANNOUNCER SAID SO!

GOSH, DAD, THOSE POLICEMAN ARE ALL HEROES, AREN'T THEY! I SURE WISH ***YOU*** COULD BE A HERO, SOMETIME! DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU'LL EVER CAPTURE A ***DANGEROUS*** CRIMINAL LIKE LOUIS FENNER!

THERE'S SO MUCH YOU MIGHT SAY! BUT YOU DON'T! INSTEAD, SUDDENLY, YOU SMILE! ALL AT ONCE YOUR TENSION IS GONE! YOU FEEL GOOD! IT'S BEEN AN ***INTERESTING*** DAY!

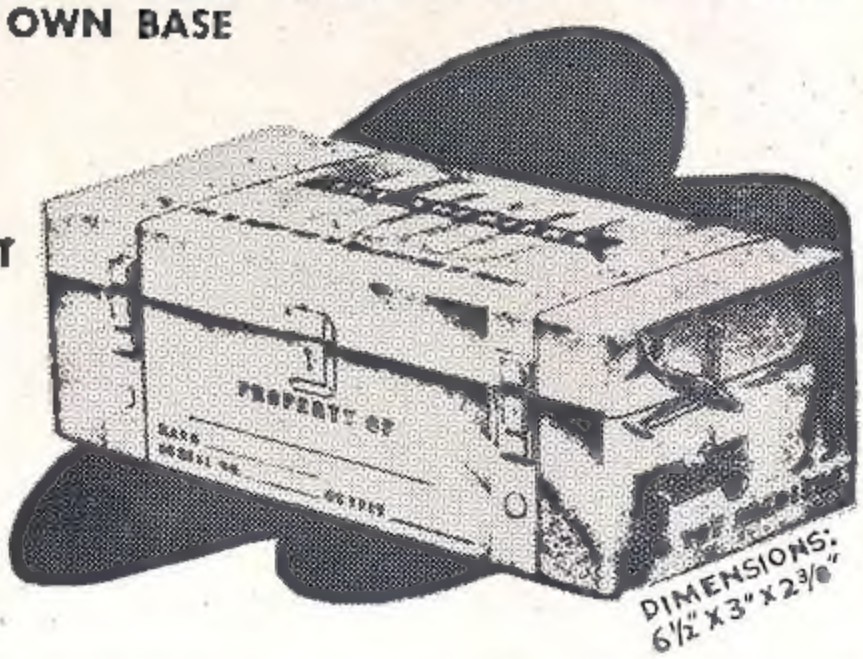
MAYBE! ***YOU NEVER CAN TELL,*** SON! YOU NEVER.. CAN TELL!

THE END

PACKED in this PASTEBOARD FOOTLOCKER TOY STORAGE BOX

100 TOY SOLDIERS, MADE OF DURABLE PLASTIC
EACH ON ITS OWN BASE

★ FUN TO SHOW
★ FUN TO TRADE
★ FUN TO COLLECT



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4 Tanks	8 Officers
4 Jeeps	8 Waves
4 Battleships	8 Wacs
4 Cruisers	4 Bombers
4 Sailors	4 Trucks
4 Riflemen	8 Jet Planes
8 Machinegunners	8 Cannon
8 Sharpshooters	4 Bazookamen
4 Infantrymen	4 Marksmen

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You're whistle bait - and it shows. you've been picked up before - by characters just like him! They come in all sizes, shapes - and stages of insanity! But you've got a surprise for this ---

MASHER!

EVERY EVENING AT FIVE, IT'S THE SAME.. YOU STAND WATCHING THE MOBS POURING INTO A HOLE IN THE GROUND—AND YOU WISH YOU WERE SOMEWHERE ELSE.

YOU'RE MARY KELLY, JUST TWENTY TWO—AND SOMETHING TO SEE! SWEET, GENTLE ... MAYBE THAT'S WHY YOU HATE THE SUBWAY SO-- THE CRUSHING, THE MAULING! BUT—YOU CAN'T STAY DOWNTOWN ALL NIGHT.

SURE, YOU HATE THE SUBWAY. PEOPLE SAY IT'S DANGEROUS FOR YOUNG GIRLS..NOT ENOUGH POLICE! BUT IT'S ALL PART OF THE JOB, OF EARNING A LIVING..YOU HAVE TO TAKE YOUR CHANCES WITH THE REST OF THEM.

IT'S HOT AND THE GUARDS AREN'T GENTLE, AND THE EXPRESS IS LIKE A CATTLE PEN... BUT YOU FIND A STRAP, YOU HANG ON..AND SUDDENLY YOU ARE VERY MUCH **AWARE**— OF WHAT YOU ARE...

CROWDED, ISN'T IT, MISS? MY ARM ISN'T **BOTHERING** YOU, IS IT?

NO, IT'S NOT BOTHERING ME.

THAT'S GOOD..A PRETTY GIRL LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T BE BOTHERED BY **ANYTHING!**

THANK YOU--

THIS HAS HAPPENED TO YOU BEFORE..YOU KNOW THE ROUTINE..SO YOU SMILE JUST A LITTLE WHEN YOU ANSWER..**THEN YOU MOVE AWAY— AND WAIT..IT ISN'T LONG.**

M-M. THAT'S BETTER! NOW WE CAN **TALK**, EH? DO YOU HAVE THE TIME, MISS?

NO--WOULD YOU MIND MOVING OVER A LITTLE?--I'D LIKE SOME ROOM TO **BREATHE!**

OKAY, HONEY--GOING FAR?

WHAT BUSINESS IS THAT OF YOURS?

WERE YOU TALKING TO ME?

YES, I WAS! I'VE BEEN WATCHING HOW YOU'VE BEEN **ANNOYING** THIS GIRL! IT'S JUST A SHAME THAT THERE ISN'T A **POLICEMAN** ON THIS TRAIN!

DON'T BE AFRAID OF HIM, YOUNG LADY! **THESE SUBWAY MASHERS!** YOU'D THINK **THE POLICE** WOULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT THEM! WHY DON'T YOU CALL AN OFFICER AT THE NEXT STATION?

IT'S—IT'S ALL RIGHT..I DON'T THINK THAT WILL BE NECESSARY.

NO? YOU SHOULD READ THE NEWSPAPERS, YOUNG LADY! WHY, ONLY LAST WEEK THERE WERE THREE CASES OF YOUNG GIRLS ***MOLESTED*** IN THE SUBWAY BY MEN LIKE THAT!

THE PAPERS ARE REALLY MAKING A FUSS! I'M ALL RIGHT! REALLY I AM!

SHE'S A NICE LITTLE OLD LADY! SHE MEANS WELL, BUT YOU CAN'T HELP RESENTING HER A LITTLE! YOU KNOW WHAT YOU WANT! WHEN SHE LEAVES THE TRAIN AT LAST, YOU'RE RELIEVED!

THIS IS MY STOP! REMEMBER, DON'T YOU BE AFRAID OF HIM! IF HE ANNOYS YOU AGAIN, YOU CALL A POLICEMAN! THAT'S WHAT WE ***PAY*** THEM FOR!

YES... I'LL DO THAT...

NOSEY OLD BIDDY, WASN'T SHE? YOU KNOW, YOU'VE GOT ***PRETTY HAIR!*** I BET YOUR BOY FRIEND IS CRAZY ABOUT IT, ISN'T HE?

I... I DON'T HAVE A BOY FRIEND!

NO? THAT SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM! NOT FOR A GIRL WHO LOOKS LIKE YOU DO! I WISH... I WERE YOUR BOY FRIEND!

BUT YOU AREN'T! AND... PLEASE! EVERYONE IS ***LOOKING*** AT US! THIS IS HARDLY THE TIME OR PLACE TO... DISCUSS IT!

SURE! I UNDERSTAND.. ***I'LL BE.. SEEING YOU!***

YOU KNOW WHAT EVERYONE IS THINKING. BUT THIS IS YOUR BUSINESS, NOT THEIRS! THE MAN MOVES OFF. BUT NOT FAR! YOU CAN FEEL HIS EYES ON YOU AS YOU RIDE... GLITTERING, CONFIDENT... PROBING EYES...

HE'S NOT BAD LOOKING IN HIS OWN WAY. BUT THAT DOESN'T MATTER! ***HE'S WHAT YOU WANT!*** AT YOUR STATION, YOU LOOK BACK AT HIM... HE'S FOLLOWING YOU!

IT'S DARK NOW. AND SUDDENLY YOU ALMOST WISH YOU HADN'T LED HIM ON.. YOU WANT HIM TO FOLLOW YOU—BUT YOU'VE READ SUCH THINGS IN THE PAPERS ABOUT ***MEN LIKE HIM***...

ALL AT ONCE, ***YOU'RE AFRAID!*** BUT THERE'S NO TURNING BACK NOW! AND THEN— IT COMES-- THE TOUCH ON THE SHOULDER, THE LEERING EXPRESSION IN THE TINY, SLITTED EYES!

WHAT'S THE ***RUSH***, BABY? CHANGE YOUR MIND? I ***LIKE*** YOU--I JUST WANT A LITTLE KISS--I WON'T HURT YOU!

NO—I ***KNOW*** YOU WON'T! IN FACT, I'M ***SURE*** OF IT— ***NOW!***

IT'S A GOOD THROW! HE HITS HARD! AND THEN, HE JUST LIES THERE, STARING AT THE SWEET YOUNG THING WHO HAS JUST TOSSED HIM OVER HER SHOULDER...

ANOTHER ONE, KELLY!

ANOTHER ONE!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOY? A LITTLE MIXED UP? DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU! THE DESK SERGEANT WILL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT... BEFORE WE TOSS YOU INTO A CELL!

12TH PRECINCT STATION HOUSE

MAC HAULS THE MAN UP THE STAIRS... YOU BOOK HIM... BUT THEN, MAC HANGS AROUND! AFTER ALL, HE'S A MAN, AND YOU ARE WHISTLE BAIT... EVEN IF YOU ARE BOTH COPS!

ALL THROUGH, KELLY?

YES... SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED! PRETTY BOY WON'T BE RIDING THE TRAINS AGAIN! NOT FOR A WHILE, ANYWAY!

GOOD! THEN HOW ABOUT RIDING HOME WITH ME? I WAS JUST HEADING FOR THE SUBWAY...

THE... SUBWAY?

MAC... WOULD YOU DO ME A FAVOR?

A FAVOR? FOR YOU? YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE, BEAUTIFUL! YOU JUST NAME IT... AND I'LL OBLIGE!

THEN... LET'S TAKE A CAB, SHALL WE?

The End

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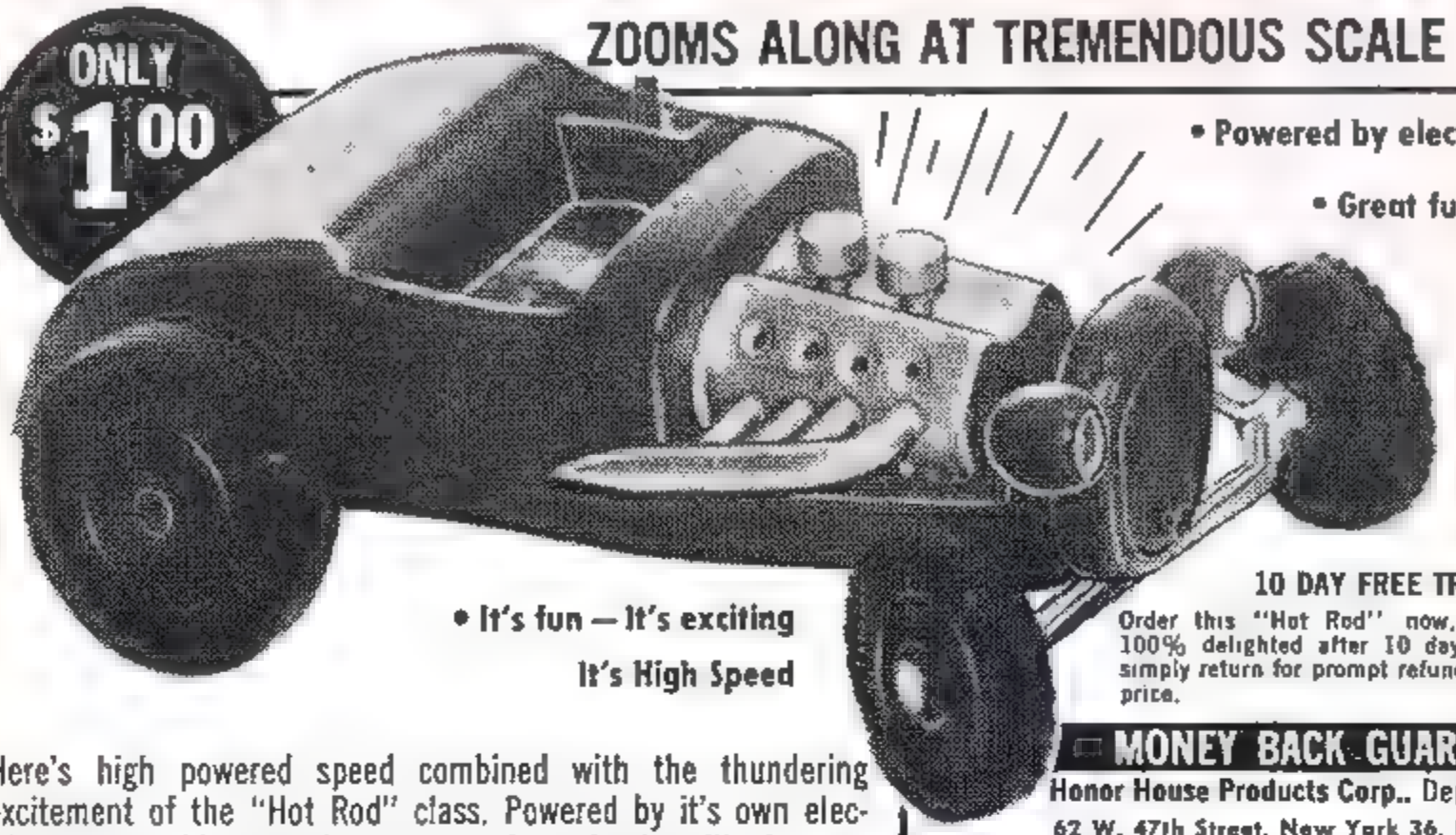

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YOU'RE RETIRING FROM THE FORCE--AND THE BOYS ARE THROWING A SHINDIG FOR YOU--BUT YOU'VE GOT A GOOD REASON FOR NOT SHOWING UP AT THE ...

BEER PARTY

A PRECINCT STATION HOUSE IS A LONELY PLACE..THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE THINKING..YOU STAND AT THE DOOR OF THE **SQUAD ROOM**, AND IN SPITE OF THE FESTIVE AIR, YOU FEEL LET DOWN, SAD ...

H LIEUTENANT.. PRETTY SHARP, EH? DO YOU THINK **MURPH** WILL GET A BANG OUT OF IT?

WHY SHOULDN'T HE? A **COP** DOESN'T GET A PARTY TO CELEBRATE HIS RETIREMENT **EVERY** DAY!

JUST THINK--THIRTY YEARS ON A BEAT.. AND AFTER HE COMES OFF DUTY TONIGHT.. FINISH! **MURPH SURE MUST BE HAPPY!**

YEAH..NO MORE BEATING HIS BUNIONS AGAINST THE PAVEMENT NO MORE REPORTS OR DETAILS. **NOTHING TO DO BUT LOAF!**

THAT'S THE LIFE EH LIEUTENANT?

IT SURE IS! WELL, I JUST WANTED TO SEE HOW THE DECORATIONS WERE SHAPING UP! WHEN **MURPH** CHECKS IN, I'LL BRING HIM OVER!

THEY'RE SO YOUNG..THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT MURPH..BUT THEY WILL--WHEN THE YEARS BEGIN TO WEIGH DOWN ON THEM--LIKE THEY WEIGH UPON YOU WHEN YOU CROSS THE HALL TO THE DESK ROOM..

HE'S **BACK**, LIEUTENANT... BRODSKY JUST PICKED HIM UP...HE WAS AT IT AGAIN! **NICE GUY!**

WHAT? OH, **HANLON!**

SO YOU DID IT AGAIN, EH, HANLON! WHAT'S THE EXCUSE **THIS** TIME?

IT WASN'T MY FAULT, LIEUTENANT! SHE HIT ME FIRST! SHE TRIED TO KILL ME!

YOU'RE A LIAR! I'VE **SEEN** YOUR WIFE, HANLON! SHE WE GHS ABOUT **NINETY POUNDS!** I ONLY WISH WE DIDN'T HAVE REGULATIONS AGAINST **WORKING OVER** GUYS LIKE YOU!

YEAH? TOUGH COPS, EH! TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME! YOU CAN'T PUSH **ME** AROUND!

YOU OVERGROWN PUNK, I'D LIKE TO SCRAMBLE YOUR BRAINS! THIS MAKES THE **THIRD** TIME IN A MONTH I'VE HAD TO DRAG YOU IN FOR BEATING UP YOUR WIFE!

I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE THIS! YOU COPS ARE PUBLIC SERVANTS! **YOU DON'T OWN THE WORLD!**

OWN THE WORLD? NO, YOU DON'T THINK THAT. YOU'RE JUST SO FED UP! GUYS LIKE YOU AND MURPH HAVE SO LITTLE.. WHILE **CRUMBS** LIKE THIS HAVE SO MUCH.. GOOD JOBS, PLENTY OF DOUGH, NOTHING TO DO -- BUT GET INTO TROUBLE!

THROW THIS HERO IN THE TANK! IF HIS WIFE COMES IN TO SIGN A COMPLAINT, HOLD HIM FOR NIGHT COURT.. BUT SHE WON'T! THEY NEVER DO!

CAR NINE REPORTING. LOITERERS AT FIRST AND BEACON..LOOKS LIKE THAT **MEAN BUNCH!** DO WE **SHOO 'EM,** SARGE?

TELL THE BOYS TO BREAK 'EM UP, SERGEANT..**AND WATCH THEMSELVES!** THAT GANG'S BEEN RIDING FOR TROUBLE FOR A LONG TIME! ONE OF THESE DAYS THEY'LL **KILL** SOMEBODY! I'D RATHER IT WASN'T **A COP!**

CHECK! WILL DO, LIEUTENANT!

COUPLE OF **LUSHES,** CHIEF! THEY WERE TRYING TO TEAR UP THE SHRUBBERY IN THE PARK.. SHALL I BOOK 'EM FOR A MISDEMEANOR?

NO..LET 'EM SLEEP IT OFF AND THEN TURN 'EM LOOSE! IT'S *THEIR* PARK!

IT'S STRANGE.. YOU ATTEND TO DETAILS, MAKE DECISIONS.. AND YET, YOUR MIND IS FAR AWAY!-ON A PARTY.. YOU GO BACK TO THE SQUAD ROOM - TO WAIT FOR MURPH!

MURPH! HEY, GANG! IT'S THE OLD MAN, HIMSELF!

HIYA, POP! HOW'RE THE OLD DOGS FEELING?

SQUAD ROOM

THEY'RE BARKING.. BUT WHO CARES! HEY, YOU BOYS SURE HAVE DONE A JOB ON THIS PLACE!

ONLY THE BEST, MURPH! FIVE MORE MINUTES AND YOU HEAD FOR THE EASY CHAIR! LUCKY GUY!

LUCKY? YOU REMEMBER.. YOU JOINED THE FORCE A FEW MONTHS AFTER MURPH.. YOU WENT UP. HE KEPT POUNDING A BEAT! BUT SOON YOU'LL BE EQUALS AGAIN-- SET OUT TO GRAZE! THE THOUGHT HURTS!

THIRTY YEARS IS A LONG TIME, MURPH! DO YOU THINK THEY'LL REMEMBER US-- THIRTY DAYS AFTER WE'RE GONE?

MURPH'S EYES DIM A BIT! HE KNOWS WHAT YOU MEAN.. HE'S LIKE YOU, A WIDOWER, KIDS GROWN UP AND MARRIED. YOU WANT TO BITE YOUR TONGUE, SAY SOMETHING FUNNY!.. BUT YOU NEVER GET THE CHANCE!

LIEUTENANT! CAR NINE JUST CALLED IN! THAT MEAN BUNCH-- THEY'RE BREAKING INTO A JEWELRY STORE AT ELDER AND BEACON!

RADIO THE PROWL CAR.. TELL THEM TO HOLD OFF UNTIL WE GET THERE!

THIS ONE'S ON THE HOUSE, MURPH! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

WITH THE REST OF THE BOYS, LIEUTENANT! WHERE ELSE?

UH-UH! YOU'RE RETIRED, AS OF FIVE MINUTES AGO! FORGET IT!

SURE.. CAN'T YOU TAKE IT EASY FOR ONCE, MURPH! YOU'VE BEEN A COP FOR THIRTY YEARS! ISN'T THAT ENOUGH?

WE'LL BE BACK IN HALF AN HOUR AND THEN WE'LL CELEBRATE! RELAX!

HOW? WHAT DO I DO? SIT HERE AND TWIDDLE MY THUMBS? COME ON...LET'S GO!

YOU'VE GOT THE POWER TO STOP MURPH! HE'S OLD, SLOW! BUT YOU KNOW HOW HE FEELS...SO YOU GIVE HIM THE NOD ...

IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG TO GET THERE... YOUR MEN KNOW THEIR JOBS! THEY TAKE THEIR PLACES QUIETLY, AFTER YOU BRIEF THEM! THEN... THE HOODS COME OUT!

COPS! D-DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT!

IT'S NOT LIKE IN THE MOVIES! THE PUNKS DON'T EVEN PUT UP A FIGHT! THEY'RE SCARED.. EXCEPT THE ONE WITH THE ROD! HE MAKES A BREAK FOR IT... YOU FIRE ONCE, IN THE AIR! THIS JERK DOESN'T BUY IT!

HOLD IT, I SAID! OR YOU GET THE NEXT ONE!

GROSS

OR YOU!

THE ONE THING YOU WERE AFRAID OF. AND IT HAS TO HAPPEN! WHEN THEY TAKE POOR MURPH AWAY, YOU RETURN TO THE PRECINCT... MAKE YOUR REPORT... IT DOESN'T COME EASY!

HI, LIEUTENANT! AM I LATE FOR *THE PARTY!* HAS IT STARTED YET?

MURPH'S DEAD!

WHAT! GOSH... HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

HOW DOES IT ALWAYS HAPPEN... WHEN EVERYTHING'S GOING R GHT... AND YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE! WELL, MURPH'S GOING TO HAVE HIS PARTY ANY-WAY NOW!

WELL? WHAT ARE YOU SITTING AROUND FOR? DO YOU THINK OLD MURPH WOULD DRINK TO A BUNCH OF SOUR FACES LIKE YOU?

IT'S THE LEAST YOU CAN DO FOR MURPH. THESE GUYS ARE YOUNG! THEY'LL FORGET MURPH! BUT, AT LEAST, TONIGHT, YOU CAN TRY TO BURN HIM INTO THE R MEMOR ES LET THEM KNOW THEY KNEW A *GOOD COP!*

WELL? DO I HAVE TO DR NK TO MURPH *ALONE!*

SORRY, LIEUTENANT! WE WERE JUST FILLING OUR GLASSES!

TO *MURPH!*

HE WAS ONE OF THE BEST!

ONE OF THE BEST! YOU WERE GOING TO MAKE THAT TOAST TO MURPH, HIMSELF! ONLY HE COULDN'T MAKE IT! AND WITHOUT HIM, IT'S A LOUSY PARTY! YOU PUT DOWN YOUR BEER! IT TASTES TERRIBLE!

ROTTEN BREAK, MURPH! A DARN ROTTEN BREAK!

THE ROOM IS SILENT NOW! EVERYONE IS GONE... EXCEPT YOU! OUTSIDE, THE CITY BLINKS ITS LIGHTS... LIKE IT'S LAUGHING... *LIKE IT'S HAVING A GREAT TIME!*

THE KID AND THE COP

The kid liked the cop. He wanted to be just like him when he grew up — but he sure had a funny way of going about it!

When a cop starts training, a cop with three generations of policemen in the family before him, he just isn't going to let anything keep him from becoming a full-fledged member of the force. At least that's the way Pat Dolan felt about it.

"But it looked like I might not make it," he was telling the kid as he sat in the Oakland Diner having a cup of coffee before taking over the swing shift. "Those kids in Elmwood had it in for me. My old man broke up their 'Strangler Gang' and with him on the desk now, I was the only one they could get even with."

Pat talked to the kid as if he were a man. It was his belief that juveniles ought to regard the law as friendly rather than as an enemy. The kid listened intently, he wanted to be a cop when he grew up. He never missed the chance to meet Pat in the diner.

The toughest "Stranglers" wound up in reform school; the lesser members reorganized as the Whip-Cats, with Pat Dolan as their main objective.

"I walked the beat for two weeks in Elmwood," he told the kid. "They broke windows, threw stones and garbage — everything to antagonize me into using the nightstick. Can't use the nightstick on a kid," he winked. "So here I am, at Oakland for the rest of my probation."

Oakland was a quiet community with a two block shopping district. They rolled in the sidewalks at eight o'clock and the most Pat had had to report was helping a woman start her stalled car. It was almost too tame.

Until the night Sanderson's Stationery was broken into. It must have happened when Pat was checking the burglar alarm set off at the bank. The bank was around the corner from Sanderson's.

After that it was a tri-weekly occurrence. The stationery, the haberdasher's, and once the delicatessen. Outside of candy and comics, nothing was taken. Just a general messing up of the premises and always when Pat was on call in the other direction.

Unless the parents were covering up, all teen-agers in the Oakland area were accounted for. There was nothing to do but ask for extra protection — and blame Officer Dolan.

"Have you checked the Whip-Cats?" Pat pleaded with the Captain. "They've followed me out here."

"A gang like that is noisy and besides you'd recognize them. Anyway, we've checked fingerprints. Better find out who it is, Pat. In two more weeks your probation period is over. I'd like to know you're a good cop." His voice was cold and faintly sarcastic.

That night Pat hit the diner for coffee two hours before going on duty. He watched the buses roll up and wished the kid were there to talk to. At 7:10 the kid got off a bus, looked around, and walked over to the diner. He seemed startled to find Pat waiting for him.

"Thought you lived out here," Pat said. It hit him suddenly like a ton of cement. This was one hunch he'd play through.

"I — I do," the kid said, but his voice faltered. "I — I got a job after school."

"You're lying," Pat said. "You're a Whip-Cat. You're responsible for these nuisance jobs."

The boy blanched, but his eyes met Pat's. "They made me do it," he said. "I didn't do a very good job, but they made me do it. I didn't want to. You can use your nightstick if you want to — I'm older than I look."

On the way to the station, he said, "I'm glad you got me. You know, I really do want to be a cop — some day."

A bad apple has a rotten smell. You trace it to its source, until you catch ---

THE GRAFTER

IT BEGINS LIKE JUST ANOTHER CHORE... NOTHING BIG, NOTHING VERY DRAMATIC! YOU'RE ON PICKPOCKET DETAIL..YOU COLLAR A SQUIRMING LITTLE MAN, AND AT FIRST, YOU HARDLY LISTEN. YOU ANSWER ABSENTLY...

OFFICER, ***GIVE ME A BREAK***, PLEASE! YOU GAVE THAT GUY BACK HIS WALLET.. NO ONE WOULD EVEN KNOW!

I'D KNOW, LEO. IT'S NO SOAP! YOU SHOULD HAVE WORKED A NEIGHBORHOOD WHERE YOU AREN'T KNOWN!

COPS! ***YOU'RE NOT SO PERFECT.*** YOU TALK HONESTY, BUT YOU DON'T CRACK DOWN ON EACH OTHER, DO YOU? COPS LIKE ***MACY*** DON'T GET ARRESTED, DO THEY?

MACY? WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT MACY?

MACY, IS ***ED MACY, THE PATROLMAN ON THIS BEAT.*** YOU KNOW HIM SO. AT THE START YOU'RE CURIOUS. CROOKS ALWAYS HOLLER WHEN THEY'RE NABBED. BUT, WHAT THIS CANNON IS FEEDING YOU, BRINGS YOU UP SHORT.

A PAYOFF! ***MACY'S BEING PAID OFF!*** I SUPPOSE WEARING A BADGE MAKES IT LEGAL, DOESN'T IT?

I'M GOING TO BELT YOU IN THE MOUTH IF YOU'RE TRYING TO SMEAR HIM! WHAT'S THE ***REST*** OF IT? GO ON! TALK!

THE "DIP" SUDDENLY CLAMS UP! HE LOOKS SCARED.. LIKE HE'S STEPPED TOO DEEP INTO HOT WATER... YOUR THREATS GET **NOTHING** MORE OUT OF HIM! SO YOU TURN HIM IN AND GET HIM OFF YOUR HANDS! MEANWHILE, HE'S LEFT MAGGOTS IN YOUR MIND... AND THEY CRAWL ON YOUR BRAIN WITH MACY'S NAME LETTERED ON THEIR BACKS!

WHY, DETECTIVE GOLDEN! AREN'T YOU GOING TO SAY HELLO?

OH! HELLO, **MRS. MACY!** HOW ARE YOU, MA'AM?

POLICE DEPARTM

THAT'S BETTER! I'M JUST FINE! I WAS ON MY WAY DOWNTOWN... SO I THOUGHT I'D STOP BY TO SEE ED! IS HE HERE?

NO... HE ISN'T! HE'S ON HIS BEAT! IF I SEE HIM, I'LL TELL HIM YOU WERE HERE!

POLICE DEPARTM

RD ICT

FLASHY, EH, JOE? MACY KEEPS HER LOOKING NIFTY, DOESN'T HE? THAT FUR MUST HAVE COST PLENTY! I WISH I KNEW HOW HE DOES IT, ON HIS PAY!

YEAH, SO DO I!

SOMEHOW, IT'S NEVER REALLY CROSSED YOUR MIND! BUT, NOW IT SEEMS LIKE A **FAIR** QUESTION! PUZZLES ARE YOUR BUSINESS, AND YOU GET A SUDDEN WHIM TO DIG UP AN ANSWER TO THIS ONE!

MACY? SURE, HE STOPS IN NOW AND THEN! THIS IS HIS BEAT! I DON'T GET IT, GOLDEN! **WHY** WOULD I GIVE HIM ANY MONEY?

FOR A **FAVOR**, MAYBE! COME ON, MAX! STOP PLAYING GAMES! THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD KNOWS YOU'RE A LOAN SHARK!

LOTS OF PEOPLE AROUND HERE COME TO YOU TO BORROW DOUGH! I WAS JUST WONDERING IF **MACY** WAS ONE OF THEM! HOW ABOUT IT, MAX?

WELL, YES! SURE, I LOANED MACY A FEW HUNDRED.. BUT SINCE WHEN IS LENDING MONEY TO A FRIEND, A CRIME?

NO! THAT'S NO CRIME! NOT A CRIME I CAN **PROVE**, ANYWAY! ANY MORE THAN I CAN PROVE HOW YOU MILK THE POOR SLOBS WHO GET INTO YOUR HANDS! BUT THERE'S MORE TO THIS MACY DEAL, ISN'T THERE! SPILL IT, MAX!

NOTHING, GOLDEN, HONEST! I... I **DIDN'T** MAKE ANY DEAL WITH HIM! ASK HIM!

YEAH, SIMPLE, ISN'T IT! YOU JUST GO UP TO A FELLOW COP AND ASK HIM IF HE'S CROOKED... BUT, THIS THING IS BEGINNING TO SMELL! YOU WANT TO LEAVE IT ALONE! ***YET, IT'S THE ONE REASON YOU CAN'T!*** YOUR NEXT STOP IS A POOL PARLOR!

THIS CRUM-DUM JOINT IS SUSPECTED OF BEING A FRONT FOR THE BOOKIES! YOU'VE ALWAYS WONDERED WHY THE COP ON THE BEAT *NEVER* BLEW THE WHISTLE ON IT! THE COP ON THIS BEAT... IS *ED MACY!*

HELLO, KINGSTON... BUSY? I'VE GOT SOMETHING I WANT TO ASK YOU!

OKAY, GOLDEN... ASK AWAY!

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU *PAID* MACY OFF FOR TURNING HIS BACK ON YOUR HORSE ROOM... AND HOW MUCH DID YOU PAY HIM?

MY, MY, GOLDEN! IS THAT A NICE THING TO ASK ABOUT A FELLOW COP? I'M *SURPRISED* AT YOU!

I DON'T LIKE WHAT I'M DOING, KINGSTON! I'M TRYING TO PROVE MYSELF WRONG! NOW, GIVE ME STRAIGHT ANSWERS! I'M IN NO MOOD FOR FENCING!

WELL..WHAT CAN I SAY?

TELL ME .. YES OR NO! *IS THIS OUTFIT PAYING GRAFT TO ED MACY!*

GOLDEN, LOOK, I... I JUST RUN A POOL-ROOM FOR A SALARY! I DON'T OWN THIS PLACE! I WORK FOR PHIL BURKE! YOU KNOW THAT!

IT'S STRANGE HOW THEY KEEP FROM GIVING A DIRECT ANSWER-- HOW THEY PASS THE BUCK! SO KINGSTON WORKS FOR PHIL BURKE! YOU *DIDN'T* KNOW THAT! SO PHIL BECOMES YOUR NEXT STOP! ON THE WAY OUT, YOU BUMP INTO ED MACY!

HI, GOLDEN! WHAT BRINGS *YOU* DOWN HERE?

NOTHING SPECIAL, MACY! JUST CHECKING THROUGH! I'M ON DIP DETAIL, SO I THOUGHT I'D COVER ALL THE SPOTS! NOTHING SPECIAL!

IT'S HARD TO LINK MACY WITH A BIG SHOT HOODLUM LIKE PHIL BURKE! YET, YOU REMEMBER THE ROBBERIES ON THIS BEAT! THE TIMES MACY SHOULD HAVE BEEN AROUND... AND *WASN'T!*

LOOKING FOR SOMEONE, COP?

YEAH! YOUR BOSS, PHIL BURKE! DO YOU MOVE OUT OF MY WAY... OR DO *I* MOVE *YOU!*

HES JUST ONE OF BURKES HIRED PUNKS! HE LOOKS IN YOUR EYES..AS IF THEY WERE RAISED FISTS! HE **MOVES** AND YOU WALK IN TO SEE PHIL BURKE! PHIL IS THE SAME TYPE... ONLY WITH MORE SAVVY AND BRASS!

DON'T YOU COPS EVER KNOCK ON A DOOR, GOLDEN? THIS IS A **PRIVATE** OFFICE, YOU KNOW!

YOU'D LOOK MORE AT HOME IN A **CELL**, BURKE! I'M GOING TO PUT YOU IN ONE, YET!

ROBBED ANY POOR-BOXES LATELY OR BEATEN UP ANY OLD LADIES?

SO...IT'S LIKE THAT! YOU'RE ON THE PROWL, GOLDEN, BUT I'M NOT HAVING ANY! IF YOU'RE HERE TO ARREST ME, I'LL GO QUIETLY! IF NOT, SPEAK YOUR PIECE, AND BLOW!

I'VE HEARD THAT A CERTAIN COP HAS BEEN TAKING GRAFT! A COP NAMED ED MACY! I WANT TO KNOW IF IT'S **TRUE!**

I DON'T PAY GRAFT! I'M AN HONEST BUSINESS-MAN...BUT I DO KNOW ED MACY!

COULD BE, HE ASKED ME FOR A LOAN! COULD BE I GAVE IT TO HIM! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT! HE'S NOT A BAD GUY.. FOR A COP! I **LIKE** ED!

YOU CAN ALMOST READ HIS MIND HE **HATES** COPS...AND HERE'S A CHANCE TO NAIL ONE OF THEM TO THE MAST! HE SAYS JUST ENOUGH TO BAIT ENOUGH SO YOU CAN'T TOUCH HIM.

THEN...YOU **HAVE** GIVEN MACY MONEY! YOU **ADMIT** IT!

SURE! A **LOAN**! SO WHAT? NOW YOU KNOW. AND IF THAT'S ALL YOU CAME FOR... THERE'S THE DOOR. **DON'T SLAM THE DOOR ON YOUR WAY OUT!**

BECAUSE, OF ONE BAD COP, THIS INSECT GETS THE NERVE TO GIVE YOU THIS GUFF! YOU SHOVE HIM INTO HIS CHAIR AND WALK OUT! THE TRUTH IS **ALMOST** OUT, NOW! ED MACY IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN STRIP OFF THE REST OF IT! YOU AND THE BOYS WAIT FOR HIM AT THE PRECINCT STATION!

HI, MEN! WHEW, WHAT A NIGHT! SURE IS GETTING **COLD** OUT!

HEY! WHAT GIVES WITH THE LONG, SILENT FACES! SOMEONE D.E.?

WH-WHAT'S THE **GAG**? I... DON'T GET IT!

NOBODY SAYS ANYTHING! THEY JUST LOOK AT HIM, PATROLMEN, DETECTIVES, MEN WHO DON'T THINK IN FANCY PHRASES! MEN WHO'VE GOT A JOB TO DO AND JUST DO IT! MEN SO ***DIFFERENT*** FROM MACY!

I SAW PHIL BURKE TODAY, ED! PHIL BURKE AND KINGSTON AND MAX!

OH... I... I SEE...

IN THE PINCH, HE DOESN'T EVEN TRY TO LIE! HE JUST CAVES IN, LIKE A ***PUNCTURED*** BALLOON! AND YOU'RE REMEMBERING THE TIMES YOU'VE LAUGHED WITH HIM... THE GAGS, THE COFFEES YOU'VE SHARED... WITH THIS GUY YOU ONCE THOUGHT YOU KNEW!

I NEEDED MONEY! MUCH ***MORE*** THAN I COULD EARN ON THE JOB! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE...TO NEED DOUGH THAT BAD!

NO, NOT ***THAT*** BAD!

LISTEN, ED! THERE ARE FIVE THOUSAND COPS IN THIS TOWN.. THEY'RE HONEST! THEY WORK HARD! AND THEY'RE ***NOT*** OUT FOR A FAST BUCK! BUT THE PUBLIC ***WON'T*** THINK ABOUT THAT... WHEN YOUR STORY BREAKS!

BUT. ***I DIDN'T DO IT FOR MYSELF!*** GOLDEN, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU DON'T HAVE ***A WIFE!***

YOU KNOW MY WIFE. ***PRETTY*** AS A PICTURE! CAN YOU BLAME ME FOR BEING NUTS ABOUT HER! FOR BEING AFRAID OF LOSING HER?

SHE WANTED SO MANY EXPENSIVE THINGS! I SOLD EVERYTHING TO GET THE MONEY.. UNTIL I HAD ***NOTHING*** LEFT TO SELL!

THAT'S NOT TRUE, ED! YOU ***STILL*** HAD SOMETHING TO SELL...

THOSE FIVE THOUSAND COPS... YOUR BUDDIES ON THE POLICE FORCE... ***YOU SOLD THEM DOWN THE RIVER!***

THE END

THE BRIBE

Jim Holiday waved a white-gloved hand at his next door neighbor, Sandy, and started for the precinct station to report in. Sandy, a polio victim, never missed the chance to salute his favorite hero and Officer Holiday was sometimes embarrassed by the boy's eager worship.

Holiday had no children of his own and probably wouldn't unless Marge had an operation and some expensive new treatments. He kicked viciously at a pebble. He'd talked to Doc Wilson this morning. He needed money, a lot of money. But it would be a long time before he could count on an advancement at his job. Marge understood and secretly they had both sort of "adopted" the little cripple, Sandy.

At the station he drew out his motorcycle and started his patrol, Regal Highway. It was rather routine. Regal Highway led into the city and he'd probably give out more than one ticket for speeding. He checked his book. Plenty of tickets left.

It was 5:00 p.m. when the accident happened. Holiday was cruising gently toward the parkway intersection, wondering at the sudden lack of traffic. Then he saw the big, black sedan stopped at the side of the road and its occupants, a man and a woman, were helping a boy right a bicycle from which he had apparently been thrown.

"It's nothing, officer," the man, big, red-faced and well dressed, said hastily. "Didn't see the kid 'til he was just a few yards in front of me. I stopped but he didn't think I was going to — and turned in front of me. I barely grazed him. You're fine, aren't you, son?"

The boy, looking slightly dazed, but with no visible injuries, managed a smile. "I'm okay," he said, "But my bike doesn't look so good. It was brand new. This man is going to buy me a new one." He held out a bill the man had given him.

Holiday took out his pencil but the big man said hurriedly, "No need to take anything on this one, officer. The boy's not hurt, and I'm getting him a new bike."

"Routine," Holiday told him bruskly. "What's your name, son?" The boy told him and gave him his address and when Holiday looked up again another boy, older, was standing beside him.

"You'd better get going quick, Bill," the boy said. "Ma told you to stay off the highway; she's watching from the porch; you better get up there and show her you're all right."

Holiday started to detain them, but decided in favor of going to the boy's house immediately after he had taken down the rest of the information. You had to make sure about cases like this. He might be suffering from shock and a check must be made for internal injuries.

The big man said, "See, he's all right. And there's a present in it for you if you forget all about this little deal. My Ma doesn't know I'm out, either," he winked at his companion.

"Let's have your driver's license," persisted Holiday. He already had the car description and license.

"A cop like you doesn't make much money, does he?" the man continued. "Don't you need a new TV set? Something for the wife or kiddies?"

Holiday hated himself for even thinking about the operation Marge needed. Quickly he turned his mind toward Sandy. This kid was about the same age. The only difference was he had two good legs.

"Sorry, Mister," Holiday said, "I'll have to have your driver's license."

'SWINGINGEST' WAY TO SAVE!

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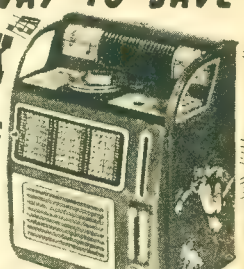

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The Beefer

GO ON! GO ON! PUSH ME AROUND! I'M ONLY A NOBODY. IT'S **EASY** TO PICK ON A NOBODY. I SUPPOSE YOU THINK YOU'LL GET A MEDAL FOR IT!

AW, **QUIET DOWN!** YOU WEREN'T INVITED HERE, YOU WERE BREAKING THE LAW!

ALL YOU WANT IS TO GET HIM OFF YOUR HANDS. SO YOU LET HIM **BLAB!** YOU TAKE HIM TO THE STATION, AND YOU HOLD YOUR TONGUE, LIKE THE POLICEMAN'S MANUAL SAYS. BUT, AT LAST, YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH.

NOW, LOOK, BRONSON. I GAVE YOU THREE CHANCES! SO, WHAT ARE YOU **BEEFING** ABOUT! I TOLD YOU THAT YOU **COULDN'T** PEDDLE ON THAT CORNER!

YOU TOLD ME— SURE, YOU TOLD ME.. ONLY — I'VE GOT TO EAT! MY KIDS HAVE TO EAT!

POLICE

OR DIDN'T THEY TEACH YOU ABOUT THINGS LIKE KIDS, AT THE POLICE ACADEMY? MAYBE ALL THEY TAUGHT YOU WAS HOW TO ACT **TOUGH,** HUH?

NO.. THEY TAUGHT ME THAT WHEN A STREET VENDER SELLS IN A **RESTRICTED** AREA YOU MOVE HIM ALONG! YOU SHOULD HAVE MOVED.. SO SHUT UP!

THAT LAST CRACK-- HE ASKED FOR IT.. JUST LIKE HE **ASKED** TO BE RUN IN! YOU'VE GOT A HEART, BUT THIS BRONSON DOESN'T THINK SO.. ALL THE WAY TO THE TANK, HE KEEPS IT UP-- THE YAKKITY-YAK!

BIG DEAL, AREN'T YOU? I WASN'T HURTING ANYBODY! BUT THIS WILL LOOK GOOD ON YOUR RECORD WON'T IT? IF YOU'RE SO BIG WHY AREN'T YOU OUT CATCHING CROOKS?

BECAUSE I'M TOO BUSY BRINGIN IN GUYS LIKE YOU! GUYS WHO DON'T TAKE A BREAK WHEN THEY CAN GET IT! I GAVE YOU YOUR WARNINGS!

GO ON IN! YOU CAN DO YOUR BEEFING TO A JUDGE IN A COUPLE OF HOURS FROM NOW!

SURE! SURE! AND I GUESS THIS KID CAN, TOO, EH? SO, NOW, YOU'RE ARRESTING *BABIES!*

OUR NOBLE DEFENDERS! SHIR... I SHALUTE YOU! YOU ARE A HERO! YOU ARE ALL HEROES! IT MUST TAKE GREAT, *GREAT* COURAGE TO ARREST A SHOE...HIC! BOY!

IT'S A FUNNY THING! ALL THOSE MEN IN THE TANK...THE DIPS, THE BUMS, THE DRUNKS...THEY DON'T AMOUNT TO A HILL OF BEANS! AND, YET... IT *GETS* YOU! THE WAY THEY LOOK AT YOU!

OFFICER, DO... DO I HAVE TO GO IN... *THERE?*

IN THE TANK? NO, SON, YOU JUST SIT DOWN! WE'VE CALLED YOUR MOTHER. WE'LL HAVE A TALK WITH HER! THEN, YOU CAN GO HOME! WE'VE GOT LAWS ABOUT KIDS WORKING THIS *LATE!*

BUT I... WAS MAKING MONEY! LOTS OF IT! ALMOST TWO BUCKS! OFFICER, PLEASE! CAN'T I GO BACK? MY MA NEEDS THE MONEY!

SAVE IT, KID! THEY DON'T EVEN HEAR YOU! THEY DON'T HAVE MOTHERS. *THEY JUST CRAWL OUT FROM UNDER ROCKS!*

ALL RIGHT, YOU! THAT'S ENOUGH! ANOTHER CRACK LIKE THAT AND I'LL SHUT YOU UP THE *HARD* WAY!

YEAH, YOU'D *LIKE* THAT, WOULDN'T YOU? RESISTING AN OFFICER, EH? I'LL BET IT'S REAL FUN BEATING UP GUYS WHO CAN'T FIGHT BACK! WELL, GO ON... I DARE YOU!

HA HA HA HA HA

WHAT CAN YOU DO? YOU SHOULDN'T FEEL AS YOU DO! SO ASHAMED! BUT THE PETTINESS... ALL THOSE LITTLE PEOPLE SNARED IN A WEB OF POLICE REGULATIONS... THEY *MAKE* YOU ASHAMED!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, HARRIS? THOSE FISH IN THE TANK GETTING YOUR *GOAT?*

YEAH, YEAH! I GUESS THEY ARE! I ALWAYS FIGURED BEING A COP WAS A BIG JOB! LIKE THEY TELL THE ROOKIES! "GUARDIAN OF THE LAW"... THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE... HUH! *WHIPPIN' BOY...* FOR A LOAD OF PETTY LAW VIOLATORS, IS WHAT THEY MEAN!

AH, FORGET IT! I'VE FELT LIKE THIS BEFORE! I'LL GET OVER IT! MAYBE TOMORROW I'LL DO SOMETHING ***REALLY*** IMPORTANT! LIKING HANDING OUT A TRAFFIC TICKET!

KELSEY IS AN OLD COP. HE TRIES TO SNAP YOU OUT OF IT. BUT SOMEHOW ALL THE NAMES YOU'VE BEEN CALLED ARE STILL RATTLING IN YOUR SKULL! AND IT'S HARD TO JUST TAKE IT IN STRIDE! YOU TRY TO RELAX...SHAKE OFF THE MOOD!

HARRIS! I THOUGHT I SAW YOU COME IN HERE! WHAT'S WRONG? YOU AREN'T ***SICK,*** ARE YOU?

SICK? NO... NO, I'M NOT SICK!

RING

I WAS JUST WAITING! I'VE GOT THAT PEDDLER I BROUGHT IN, DOWN IN THE TANK! I'LL HAVE TO APPEAR AGAINST HIM IN NIGHT C--

HE'LL KEEP! ARE YOU ***DEAF?*** TAKE A LOOK..THE FIREBOARD HAS BEEN GOING CRAZY. COME ON!

EMERGENCY?

YOU CATCH ON QUICK! SNAP OUT OF IT! THIS FIRE MUST BE A DILLY! REPORT OUT FRONT! WE'RE SENDING A SQUAD DOWN TO ***HELP!***

YOU NEVER EVEN HEARD THE BELL! IT'S A FIRE ALARM, HOOKED UP TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD FIRE STATION! BUT, YOU'VE BEEN ON ***FIRE DETAIL*** BEFORE..YOU'RE NOT EXCITED WHEN YOU HEAD FOR THE STREET!

WELL, WELL, WELL! LOOK AT ALL THE LITTLE ***HEROES!*** WHERE YOU HEADING, HARRIS? OUT TO PUSH SOME MORE PEOPLE AROUND?

POLICE

IN A WAY, THAT'S ABOUT IT! YOU KNOW THE ROUTINE.. YOU'LL HOLD BACK THE CROWD, AND THE FIRE BOYS WILL DO THE WORK! BIG DEAL! ONLY... THIS TIME IT'S A LITTLE ***DIFFERENT!***

THE FIRE'S STILL IN THE UPPER FLOORS! IT MUST HAVE BROKEN OUT ON THE ROOF! WE THINK EVERYONE'S OUT, BUT, I ***HAVEN'T*** GOT ENOUGH MEN TO MAKE CERTAIN!

I HAVE! YOU MEN..INSIDE! HIT EVERY APARTMENT! CLEAR THE BUILDING AND DON'T LINGER! THESE OLD FIRE-TRAPS BURN FAST!

THE CHORE DOESN'T TAKE LONG! YOU WORK IN PAIRS..THAT'S REGULATIONS! SO, YOU'RE NOT ALL ALONE... WHEN ***IT HAPPENS!***

OKAY! THIS FLOOR'S CLEAR! ***LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!***

WA T A M NUTE! LOOK, THERE! THAT S A WOMAN... AND SHE'S HEADING THE **WRONG** WAY!

FOR PETE S SAKE! **GRAB HER!**

NO! LET ME GO! **LET ME GO!**

SHE'S **HYSTERICAL!** DON'T LET HER GET AWAY!

NO! NO!

THE WOMAN DOESN T EVEN KNOW WHAT SHE S DO NG! YOU DRAG HER OUTSIDE, W TH THE FLAMES LICK NG HUNGR LY AT YOUR HEEL S! YOU GET HER TO SAFETY! BUT SHE KEEPS CRYING... TEARS THAT BECOME WORDS... WORDS THAT STARTLE YOU!

THERE, NOW! YOU JUST TAKE IT **EASY!**

MY... BABY. **MY BABY IS STILL IN THERE!**

YOUR **BABY?**

YES.. N MY APARTMENT! 3 C.. I WAS ASLEEP! WHEN I WOKE UP.. I GOT FR GHTENED! I WAS **MIXED UP!** I RAN... THEN I REMEMBERED MY BABY! YOU WOULDN'T LET ME GO BACK FOR HIM ...

THAT'S WHY SHE WAS FIGHTING YOU! YOU HAND HER OVER TO A FIREMAN.. YOU AND KELSEY D P YOUR HANDKERCHIEFS INTO THE D RTY WATER AT YOUR FEET! **THEN YOU GO BACK IN!**

THIS TIME YOU GO ON YOUR STOMACHS! THERE'S A LITTLE CLEAR AIR DOWN LOW! BUT, EVEN SO.. YOU'RE BOTH PRETTY SICK BY THE TIME YOU GET TO APARTMENT 3C..!

THIS MUST BE THE BEDROOM! (CHOKE)

COUGH! COUGH!

I'VE GOT (COUGH) THE KID--

AND THE FIRE'S GOT US! THE HALL'S **BLAZING!**

THERE'S JUST ONE WAY OUT-- THROUGH **THAT!**

THEN, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S GO!

YOU FEEL THE SKIN CRACK ON YOUR FACE AND HANDS-- BUT YOU MAKE IT, SOMEHOW YOU GET OUT! BUT THEN—IT SEEMS LIKE YOU'VE TURNED THE TRICK TOO LATE.

HE'S NOT MOVING HE'S NOT BREATHING. **MY BABY! HE'S NOT BREATHING!**

SMOKE POISONING.. THE POOR LITTLE THING'S LUNGS AREN'T WORKING! IF WE ONLY HAD A PULMOTOR!

SEND FOR ONE! **QUICK!**

MEANWHILE, YOU DO THE **BEST** YOU CAN.. YOU TRY TO CLEAR THE TINY, SMOKE-FILLED LUNGS WITH AIR FROM YOUR OWN.

MY BABY! WHAT'S HE DOING? GIVE ME MY BABY!

HE'S TRYING TO SAVE YOUR BABY'S LIFE, MAAM! JUST HANG ON... AND PRAY!

HOW LONG IS IT? HOW LONG DO YOU KNEEL THERE, TRYING WITH YOUR OWN BREATH TO RESTORE A LIFE! CAN YOU DO IT? YOU'VE GOT TO DO IT! YOU AND THE MAN UPSTAIRS. DESPERATELY, YOU BEG FOR HIS HELP...

IT MOVED! THE BABY MOVED ITS HAND!

YOU DID IT! HARRIS, YOU DID IT!

HERE COMES THE PULMOTOR CREW!

THEY TAKE THE BABY AWAY FROM YOU, THEN! FOR THE MOMENT, YOU'RE FORGOTTEN! BUT NOT BY EVERYONE!

IT HAS ITS MOMENTS, DOESN'T IT, HARRIS? BEING A COP. I MEAN?

YEAH, YEAH, IT HAS ITS... MOMENTS!

AFTER A WHILE, YOU AND THE OTHERS HEAD BACK TO THE STATION! YOU CLEAN UP.. THEN, YOU GO BACK TO THE TANK! BUT, SOMEHOW, YOU AREN'T SEEING BRONSON'S SILLY SMIRK!

OKAY, BRONSON! LET'S GO! YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH A MAGSTRATE!

NO FOOLING! SO THE "BIG HERO" IS BACK! WHERE WERE YOU, HARRIS? OUT ARRESTING ANOTHER SHOE SHINE BOY!

WHY DON'T YOU CAN IT! IT'S BEEN A ROUGH DAY!

LOOK WHO'S TALKING ABOUT A ROUGH TIME! A GUY WHO WOULDN'T GIVE ANYONE AN EVEN BREAK! NOW, THEY WILL SLAP ME WITH A FINE I CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY! BUT, YOU'VE DONE YOUR JOB, HAVEN'T YOU?

HE'S STILL GRIPING! BUT, IT'S DIFFERENT NOW! YOU FEEL DIFFERENT, INSIDE! YOU CAN STILL TASTE THE TEARS OF THANKS THAT WERE ON THAT MOTHER'S LIPS... WHEN SHE KISSED YOU!

THAT'S IT, BRONSON! I'VE JUST DONE MY JOB! LET'S GO!

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NOT FANCY LUGGAGE—BUT USEFUL, PRACTICAL

You will be thrilled and delighted with the many, many uses you will find for this set. It will make a marvelous gift and your thoughtfulness will be appreciated for such a long time. Lightweight. It avoids the silly situation where the luggage weighs more than the clothing carried. When this offer was first made to us by the overseas company we couldn't believe our ears, but we were delighted when we saw it just a few days ago—and you will be too. Each piece serves a specific purpose such as vanity and cosmetic case (8"), personal Valet (10"), overnight case (12") or family size (14").

Remember, the complete price for all 4 matched pieces of luggage is only $2.98. Because of its size, we are forced to ask for an additional 63c shipping charge. Note: Due to the Federal Law, there is a 10% excise tax on all purchases of luggage. This Federal tax (30c in this instance) is turned over directly by us to the Government. We merely act as agents and in no way, benefit. Kindly add this 30c to your purchase price when ordering.

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Simply fill in the coupon and when your 4 piece matching set of luggage arrives, pay the postman only $2.98 plus C.O.D., shipping charges and excise tax. Then, even use them for 10 full days, and if you are not 100% delighted then simply return them for your full purchase price refund.

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☐ I enclose $2.98 plus 63c shipping charges and 30c Federal excise tax. Same Money Back Guarantee.
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Sorry, No. C.O.D.'s.

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A GLORIOUS SET OF PLASTIC TOYS EVERY CHILD WILL BE PLEASED TO OWN!

Comes in two separate armies . . . the BLACK KNIGHTS and the WHITE KNIGHTS! Form your own battle lines! Every fight a delight! Fun for everyone in the family!

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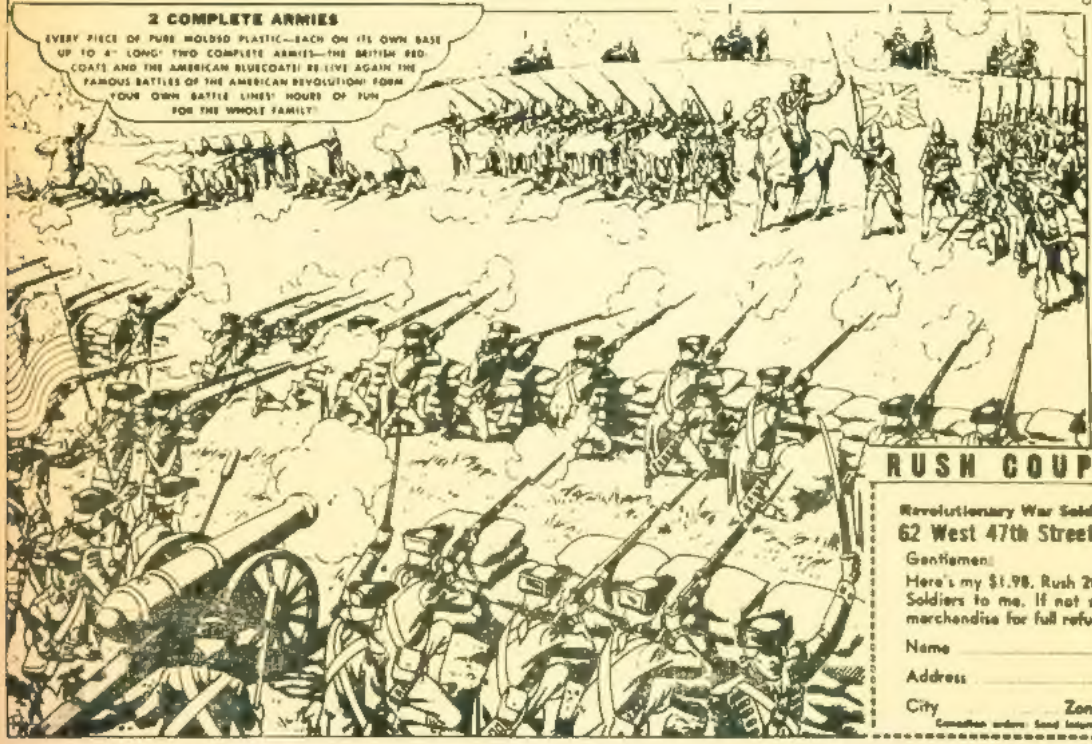

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MY SECRET NEW DYNAFLEX METHOD

CAN BUILD YOU A MAGNIFICENT NEW HE-MAN-MUSCLED BODY IN JUST TEN MINUTES A DAY—with absolutely NO weights—NO bar-bells—NO EXERCISE AT ALL!

Yes! If the girls LAUGH at you now when you take off your shirt—they'll be breaking down the doors to get dates with you—once they've seen the rugged DYNAFLEX BODY I can give you! I'll build you a tough brutal massive body—shoulders clad with solid inches of he-man BRAWN. I'll give you bulging biceps, trip-hammer fists, power-packed legs, and a chest that will have you popping the buttons off your shirt with pride! (—says MIKE MARVEL, "Builder of Champion Bodies")

"*In my classes this same course of instruction would cost $110.00.*"

Mike Marvel

ARE YOU WEAK, ALWAYS TIRED, LACK PEP?

Whether you're thin and scrawny, or sagging with unsightly fat—my secret DYNAFLEX method will cram pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality into your puny, unhausted body. Once DYNAFLEX makes you a two-fisted dynamo of manly beauty, rippling with power, glowing with magnetic sex-appeal—you'll be bursting with get-up-and-go. Man, you'll be really ALIVE—tingling with zest and rip-roaring energy—for the first time in years!

PROOF!

"I tried two other systems, before my buddy told me about DYNAFLEX. It *really* works—and how! I've put two inches of solid muscle on my biceps, three inches on my chest. It's like magic!"
L. C., New York City

"I never thought you could build terrific muscles without exercises or weights. Started DYNAFLEX two weeks ago, and am building a *great* physique."
E. G., Detroit, Mich.

"DYNAFLEX is the best yet. Only three weeks, and I have more dates than I can handle! I am telling all my pals about DYNAFLEX."
F. S., Chicago, Ill.

ARE YOU ASHAMED OF YOUR BODY NOW?

Pal—do YOURSELF a favor! Take a good long look in a mirror. Do you see a puny, starved body—scrawny arms—bony shoulders—a flabby stomach and skinny legs? Do girls laugh and fellows grin when you take off your shirt?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT—I can add solid pounds of rippling, steely he-man MEAT to your build. I can take those skeleton arms and PACK EVERY INCH with explosive virile MAN-MUSCLE. I can take that caved-in chest and build on six rugged inches of strong sleek MAN-SIZED BRAWN. I can clothe your skinny frame with GIANT RIPPLING DYNAFLEX MUSCLES that will have the girls gasping with awe and admiration! And with NO tiring exercise, NO high-priced bar-bells or gym equipment!

Or is your problem a body sagging with soft rolls of unhealthy, unhandsome FAT? Puny muscles—sagging stomach—bloated face—arms heavy with layers of BLUBBER? Are you ASHAMED to go to the beach and let them see your "FAT-MAN PHYSIQUE"?

If so, wake up fella! THIS IS IT! I will peel off that fat and give you a lean virile DYNAFLEX BODY, armored with a sheath of hard tough handsome muscle. I can build you into a healthy, streamlined HERCULES—bursting with dynamic manly strength. I'll give you a taut rock-hard midsection—legs muscled like coiled steel springs. I can pack solid DYNAMITE into your fists and give you a rugged handsome build brim-full of the magnetic SUPER-BODY SEX-APPEAL girls are hungry for. And with NO starvation diets—NO fatiguing calisthenics—NO expensive health-foods!

HOW DYNAFLEX BUILDS BEAUTIFUL BODIES

DYNAFLEX is the modern miracle of body-building. It takes no tiresome exercises, "crash" diets, protein foods, and no weights or bar-bells. DYNAFLEX is the amazing discovery of a West German Doctor whose research into the Science of Strength found a thrilling new way to build GIANT BRAWNY MUSCLES in ten minutes a day. With DYNAFLEX you "fire" each muscle once—in a certain way—that is more effective than if you exercised that muscle 20, 30, even 100 times the old-fashioned way. With DYNAFLEX you get bigger results in ten minutes than after hours of grunting and groaning, hefting heavy weights.

DYNAFLEX coaxes each muscle in your body to bring out its round, steely fullness and satiny symmetry. DYNAFLEX packs that muscle with glowing vibrant new strength and energy—FAST. In ten minutes a day I can cover your bony frame with healthy rippling muscle—give you a deep, powerful chest—solid shoulders and iron wrists—laugh, slim midsection—and trim, steel-spring legs—simply thru "DYNAFLEXING" each muscle once a day!

There's nothing wrong with the bar-bell and weight-lifting method . . . but why bother? Why waste time and money, why sweat and strain your way to a streamlined symmetrical SAMSON-STRONG BODY—when you can do it better—bigger—faster—easier with the DYNAFLEX SECRET?

STRONG-MAN SEX-APPEAL ATTRACTS GIRLS

Be honest. Down deep you KNOW you envy the boy with the virile, magnificent build. Every man and boy secretly desires a broad brawny back, a solid man-muscled chest, handsome he-man shoulders, arms rippling with tough, steely sinews, a narrow waist, slim hips and springy, power-packed legs. Girls go for a fellow with TWO-FISTED BIG MUSCLE SEX-APPEAL . . . and they only laugh at skinny guys or "fatso's".

Let me give you a glowing new body, brimming over with energy and irresistible inches of solid muscle on your chest—he-man appeal. I can build three inches of beef and brawn on your shoulders, I will mold you a handsome super-body of terrific strength, give you a crushing grip, legs crammed with steel springs. A lean taut rock-solid punch-proof midsection. Pack your body with energy and thrilling stamina that will have girls falling at your feet.

Mike Marvel System, DEPT. MS-

GIVE ME TEN MINUTES A DAY —THAT'S ALL!

After DYNAFLEX, you'll be able to roll up your sleeves and take off your shirt and, for the first time in your life, you'll be PROUD of your manly build. Yes, pal, say goodbye to your weak, flabby frame—get ready for adventure and romance with a solid physique that glows and vibrates with virile he-man appeal. You'll be really proud to have people see your MAGNIFICENT HE-MAN-MUSCLES at the beach or gym. And, when the fellows stare with envy and jealousy—when the girls crowd around to squeeze your iron biceps or touch your bulging brawny chest—when they ask in amazement HOW you did it—tell them about the Magic Secret of DYNAFLEX!

Your Pal,
MIKE MARVEL
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Follows! Mail the coupon now, and receive Mike Marvel's FREE GIFT to you, this exciting and informative book. Discover a secret method for developing a new, almost MAGNETIC way of attracting the girls. At parties, dances, at the beach—you will have the girls clustering around you breathlessly, while the guys watch enviously. "What does HE have that WE don't?" they will say. The answer is in this exciting new book, your GIFT from Mike Marvel. Fill out and mail the coupon NOW!

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Check as many of the boxes you want HERE — Complete System $1.98.

- ☐ Lose fat, be trim and solid
- ☐ Build deep brawny chest, bulging with vigorous strength
- ☐ Lose fat, be trim, strong, handsome
- ☐ Mold mighty back, broad body shoulders
- ☐ Build muscle on skinny wrists and arms
- ☐ Develop crushing grip, two - fisted punch-power

MIKE MARVEL System, Room 206
62 West 47th Street NO C.O.D.
New York 36, N. Y.

Okay, Mike! Here's $1.98. Send me your COMPLETE (nothing else to buy later) body-building course. I want to use your new secret of DYNAFLEX to mold a HERCULES HE-MAN BODY in just ten minutes a day. Rush my copies of the DYNAFLEX SYSTEM and my free gift book "Secrets of Attracting Girls" on your money-back guarantee. In plain wrappers. If I don't develop a splendid physique and become more popular with girls you will refund my money in full.

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